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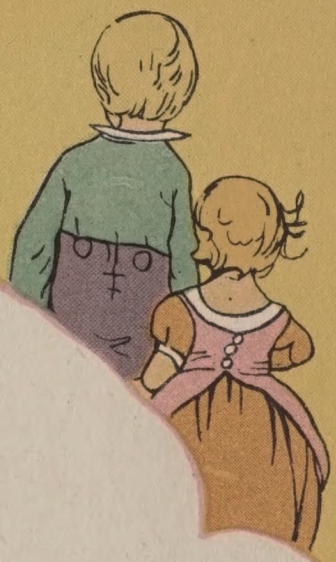

MYSELF *and* I

MYSELF *and* I

by
HELEN VAN VALKENBURGH
Illustrated by
MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

PUBLISHED BY
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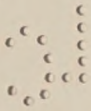

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THIS "Sunny Book" is dedicated to all children, especially those who, having no "brother kind or sister dear or any other children near," call a playmate from the Land of Let's Pretend.

PREFACE

How nice it is to romp and play
With happy children all the day,
For nicer far are girls and boys
Than all the loveliest of toys.
But some have not a playmate near,
No brother kind or sister dear,
And when they want a merry friend
They just pretend . . . .

And lo! they have a playmate gay
To romp with them the live-long day,
Perhaps a girl, perhaps a boy
But sunny, merry, full of joy,
And all the things they say and do
Would take a book to tell to you.
So, here's the book. The title?
Why . . . . . .
"Myself and I."

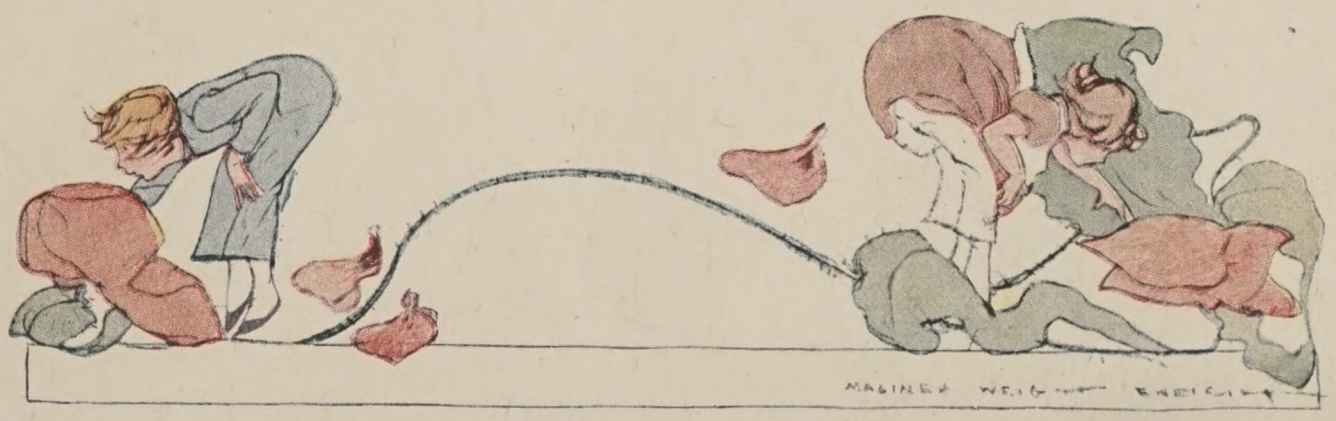
MYSELF AND I

Myself and I, at games we play
On almost every single day.
Myself, why that's a little boy
With big, blue eyes, brimful of joy;
And I, — I'm just a baby girl
With eyes of brown, and hair a-curl.
You'd never guess the games we play
On almost every single day,
The loneliness is gone, you see,
Since my own self is friends with me.

MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE WIND

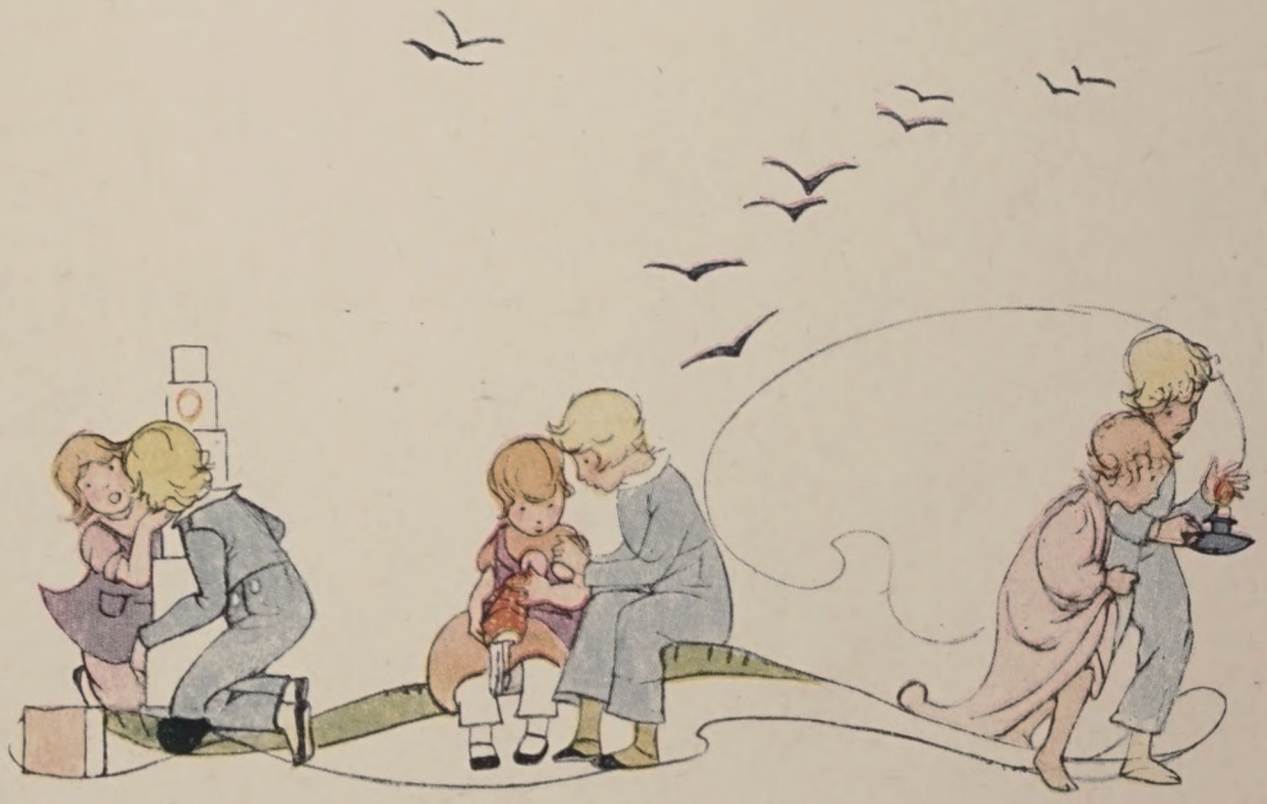
I heard the wind blow all the day,
Such funny things it seemed to say:
It called and called Myself and me,
We hunted, but we couldn't see
Where it was hiding, though we knew
It wanted us, 'cause it said "Yo-o-ou."



A BUSY DAY

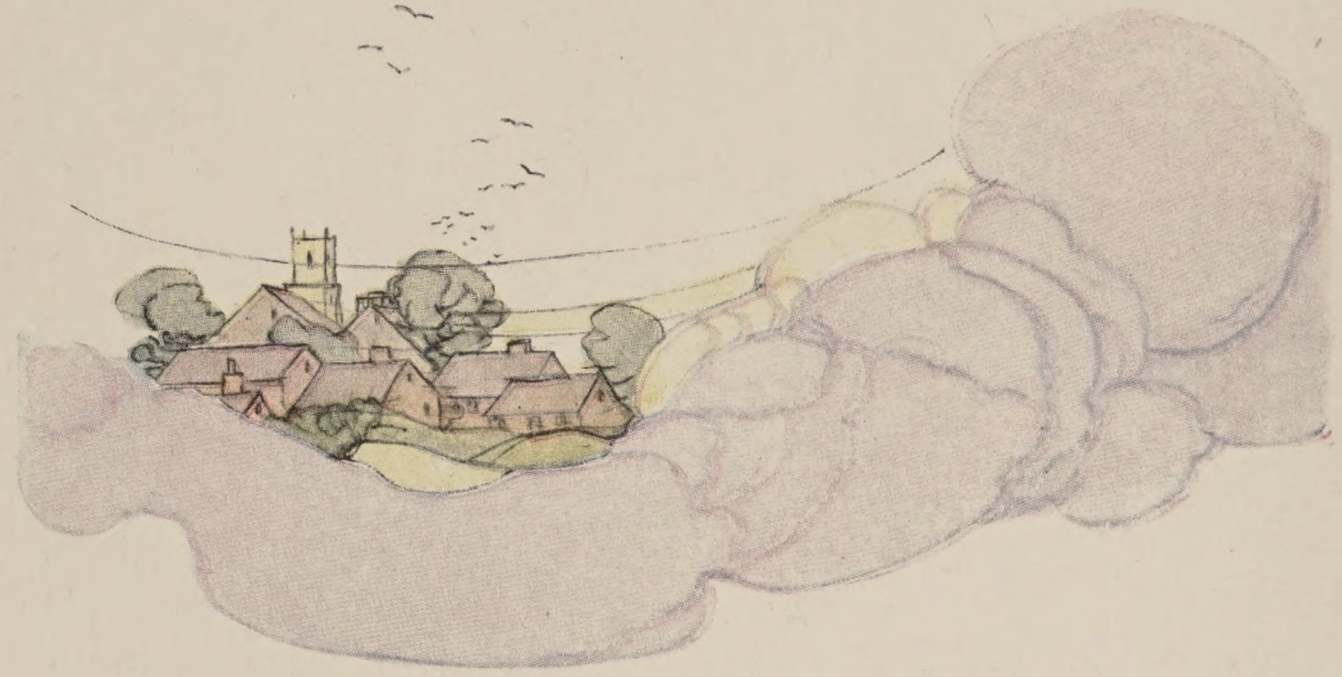
Myself and I sang all day long,
Our little kindergarten song,
Of birdies flying
And willows sighing.
And then we drew a picture, too,

It wasn't very hard to do,
Of soldiers bold
With buttons gold.
We were as busy as could be,
The very best of times had we,
Till night came down
And hid our town.



THE EASTER EGG

On Easter-day the bunny brought a sugared egg
to me,
It had a window in one end; when I looked
through to see
What was inside, a place so nice as that I'd never
guessed,
Under a tree as I could see, some children played,
all dressed
In pink, and blue, and white, and they were
having such good fun.
I like to look inside my egg and play that I am
one,
I let Myself look in the egg as many times as I,
For maybe if he didn't see, he'd go away and cry.



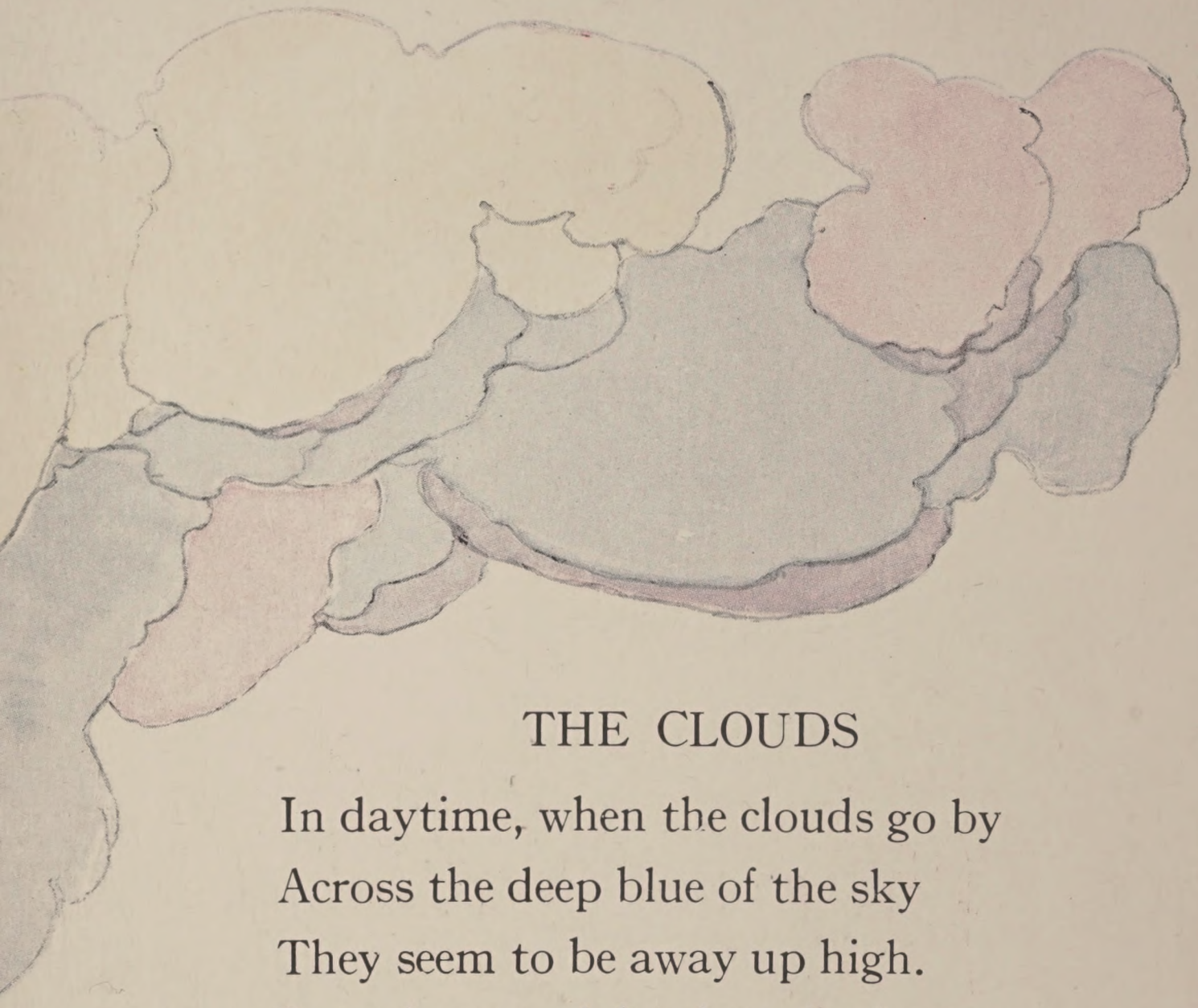
THE RIDE

Now what do you think we did today?
It was the very gayest play.
We hitched the biggest rocking-chair
Up to the railing of the stair.
Myself and I drove swiftly forth
To seek adventures in the North.

Our reins were made of ribbons, brown,
And soon behind we left the town,
Through countries, never seen before
We journeyed till the clock struck four;
Then mother came with cookies, three,
Some for the horse, Myself, and me.

OUR GARDEN

Myself and I a garden made,
With my spade.
We planted poppies in a row,
Soon they'll grow.
And then we planted asters, too,
Quite a few;
And put in dahlias, one by one,
My, what fun!
Only it will be long, no doubt,
Before the flowers all come out.

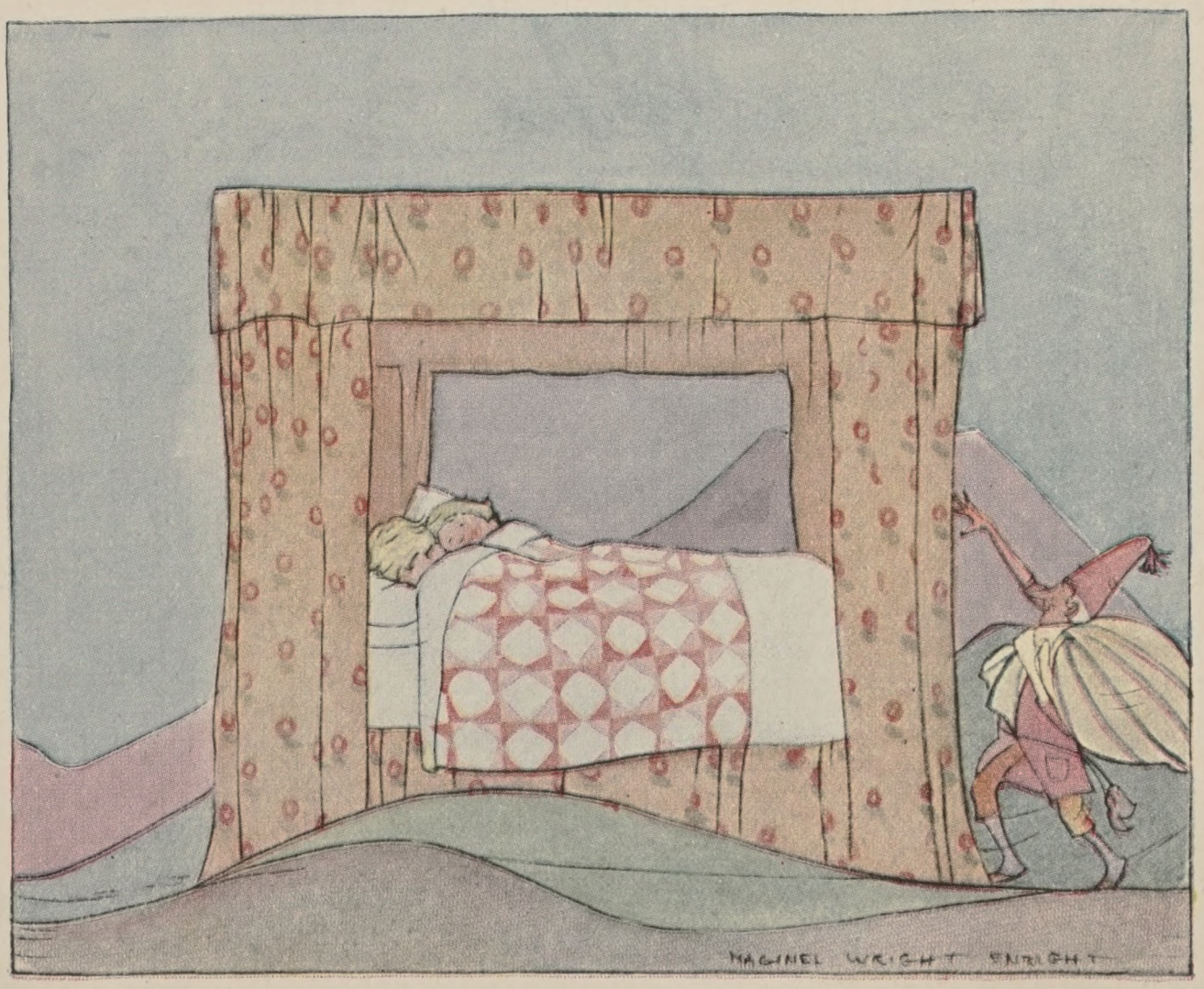


THE CLOUDS

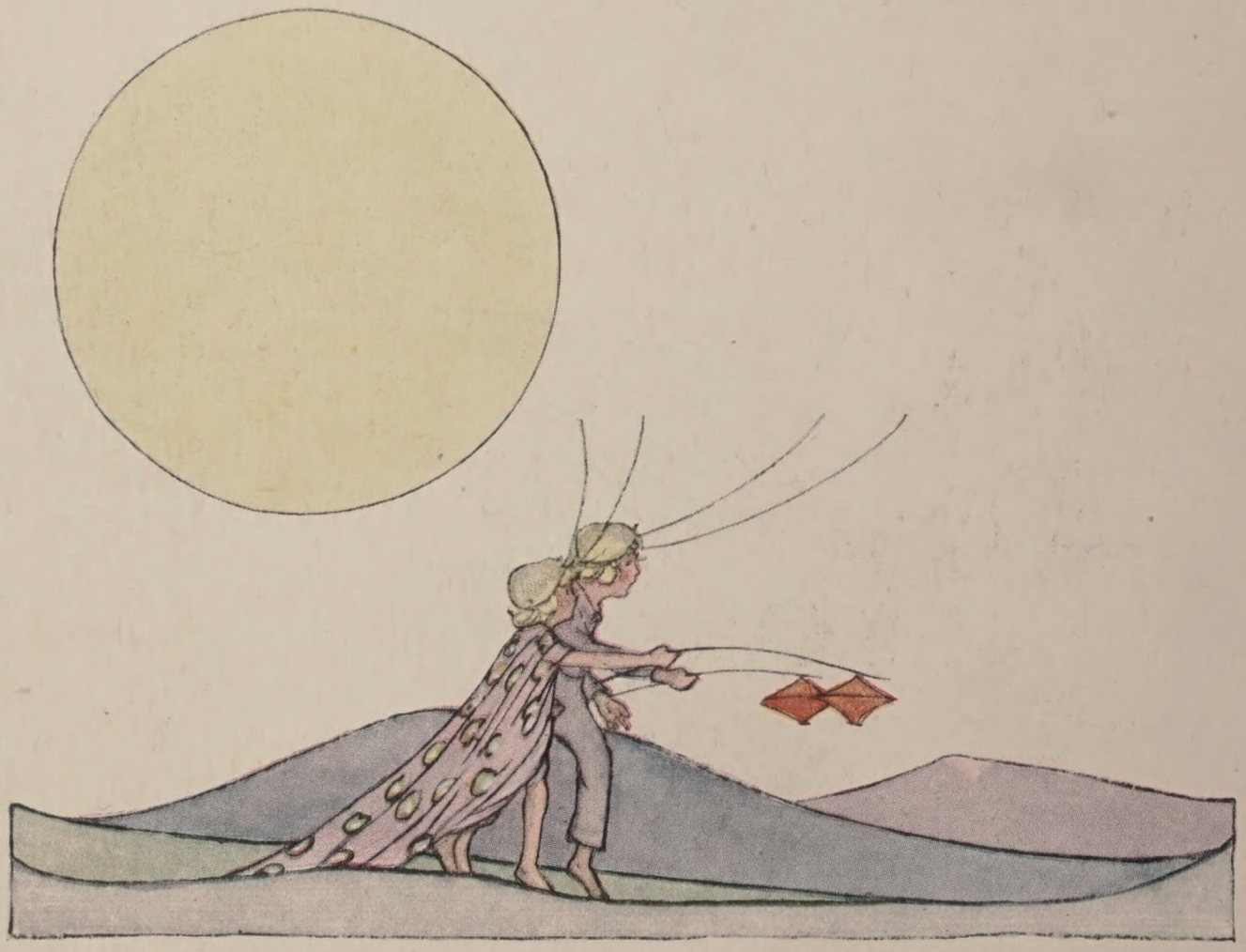
In daytime, when the clouds go by
Across the deep blue of the sky
They seem to be away up high.
But when at night they slowly go
Across the sky, star-bright, you know,
They seem to fly down very low.
I sometimes think they, maybe, are
Too shy of every twinkling star
That winks down at them from afar.

STORIES

I like to go to bed at night
And see the moon, so round and bright,
Creep past my window on her way
Across the sky, till break of day.
'Tis then, my very self and I



Tell stories, while in bed we lie,
Until the Sandman creeps along
With silent tread, and dreaming song;
He sends us down the sleepy road,
All dressed in dreams from out his load.



THE BALLOON

The brightest red balloon had I,
It flew so gayly in the sky;
The birds were scared and went away,
We had the gladdest sort of play,
Myself and I.

Next day I thought I'd do it, too,
The sun was out, the sky was blue;
But my balloon had grown so small
I couldn't make it fly at all,
No more could you.

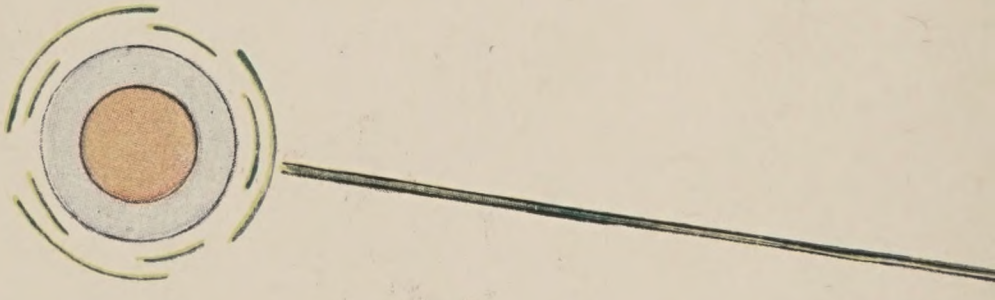
OUR BOAT

The swing is a boat, and we sail away
Over the ocean, green;
The sky and the trees
And the bumble-bees
Are some of the sights we've seen.
And this is nearly the nicest play
That we have found for the sunny day.

MAGINN — WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE PINWHEEL

I have a pinwheel on a stick,
And when I run
It turns around and 'round so quick
It's lots of fun.



It looks just like the daisies, white,
And it's so spry;
We play with it from morn till night,
Myself and I.

SHADOWS

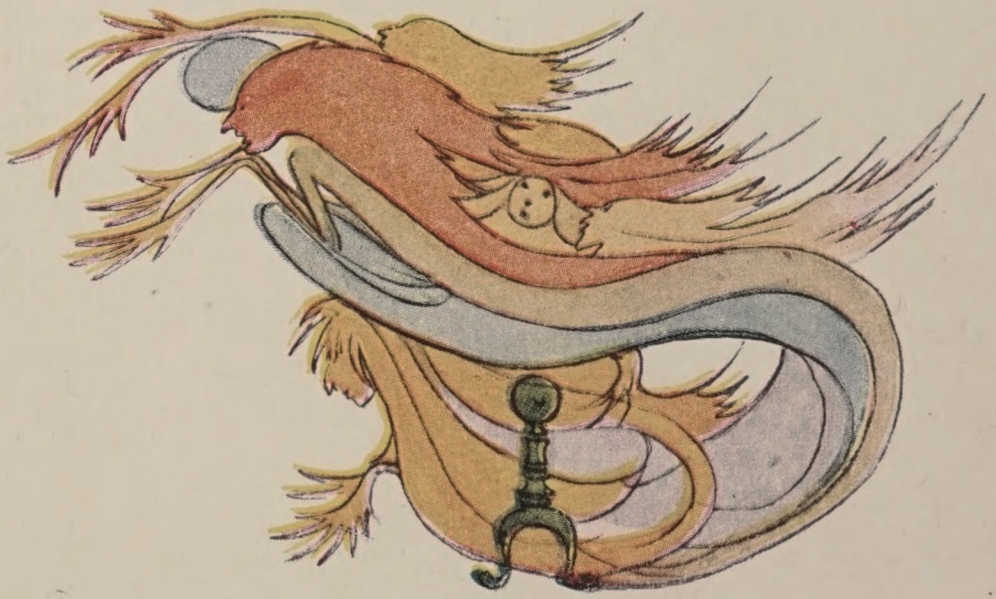
Once I was sick, and stayed in bed most all the day,
And then I saw the shadow-things, so queer and gray,
March back and forth, and back and forth upon the wall,
I couldn't think what they could be, so big and tall.
Myself and I, we wondered as we watched them go,
Then mother came—we thought that she would surely know.
She told us it was all the people walking by,
But still we can't quite understand, Myself and I.

MAGINEL
WRIGHT
ENRIGHT

BEFORE THE FIRE-PLACE

Most best of all, Myself and I love the grate fire bright,
When the outdoors is fast asleep, and covered with the night;
We like to watch the baby flames, as one by one they grow,
Then see them SINK, and SINK and SINK, until the fire's low.

The queerest thoughts come to us there
As we sit in the great big chair.

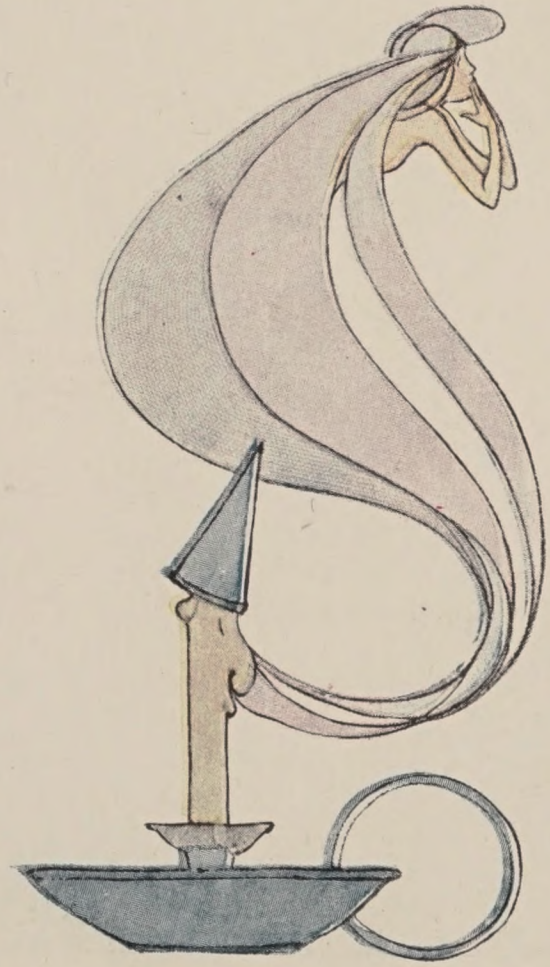


SANTA CLAUS

I wrote a letter long, today,
To dear old Santa Claus, to say,
That I would like to have a sled
With shiny runners, painted red.
And mother'd like to have a tree
With stockings growing there for me.
While father says he doesn't know,
But thinks a bush where money'd grow
Would be about the nicest thing
That dear old Santa Claus could bring;
Myself just asked for candies, sweet,
Enough so we can have a treat.
I put my letter, folded square,
Up in the great big chimney, where
He'll find it when he comes this way
And bring the very things I say.

GOOD NIGHT

My mother comes in every night
To kiss me, and put out the light;
She kisses both my cheeks, you see,
Because it's for Myself and me.



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PEEPS	Nancy Cox-McCormack
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